

INTIMATION

JOSEPH S. STICKNEY'S
STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
Sold by all Stationers and Dealers.

"You have a fine cat's-eye there,"
André said bluntly.

"You have a fine cat's-paw there," said Andrews abruptly.

The stranger laughed in a half-pained, half-deprecatory way.

"Yes, it's well enough," he said; "but I have no other things than this. Here, you go, for instance, that has got its fellow in the world," he added, taking off his other glove, and showing the most exquisite on the furthest emerald; "and one of the best and purest period of antique work engraving."

"What a cat's paw!" said Andrews, with covetous glances.

"Think so? What do you say, then, to this?" laughed the stranger, taking from his breast-pocket a small roll, wrapped in envelopes. When he laid it down, he said, "The contents, like the contents of a purse, should be a pearl of the most perfect shape and colour."

Andrews held out his hand for the jewels, but the stranger kept it back, with the instinctive caution of a man who has gone about the world, and rubbed shoulders with his kind so long as to have dropped by the way all fulsome-ness as well as trust, sentimentality, and convenient belief in human honesty. He only showed

his own hand; and he did not allow An

his own hand; and he did not allow *Andrews* to touch it or examine it closely.

"That is worth something; if you like," he said, as he re-enclosed the box in its multifarious wrappings, "and I shall send it by his breast," and, after a moment's hesitation, he put his coat as usual on.

"*Risparmio!*" said *Andrews*, cautiously.

It was not this way to be enthusiastic over the property of others which he might have to buy. He turned the mirror round on when he had to sell:

"*Fairly fair!*" echoed the stranger.

marked contempt. "*I believe it is fairly fair!*" said he, with a vengeance! "I should have thought a man of your judgment and experience would have pronounced a more fitting verdict than this, *Mr. Andrews*. *Fairly*! I like that! *Fairly*! *Mr. Wolf*! I suppose it is, and something more to the base of that."

"You did not give me time to examine it," said *Andrews*, a little angrily.

"To have time for an expert like yourself to handle 'em like *merita!*" answered the stranger, hotly, and somewhat haughtily.

"The drop of the necklace which belonged to *Lady Lipperley*—which *Sir Peter Leo* painted in his famous picture of '*Von Rosenberg from the sea*'—which all the world knows of—which has been regarded as described seems to have been lost! It does not seem to you an examination to decide the merits of such an incomparable jewel that? However, I did not come here to discuss my *parli*—I came to ask if you had still in your possession this famous *Linco* snuff-box which belonged to *Richeieu*, and from his passed down by various stages to *Madama Kramier*, and the young *Wien*, who was a few years ago the friend of *you*, who you bought it? Is it still in your possession?"

"The drop of *Lipperley* necklace!" murmured *Andrew Andrews*. He was too astounded, absorbed, overcome, to listen to the rest. The pearl necklace which he set his heart on having—and here was a drop—the famous drop—*richieu*—reach of hand!

"Well, *Mr. Andrews*," said the stranger sharply, "have you that snuff-box?"

"The snuff-box? What snuff-box?" said *Andrews*, recalled to himself, like a sleep suddenly awakened.

"The stranger looked at him with the surprise.

"Why, *Mr. Andrews*, that has come of

"You think you had too strictly," said the demon. "We should say so in my country. What has happened to you? What is it?"

"Nothing," said Andrews, trying to look as lightly as his visitor, but making so good a kind of business of it. "I was only a little surprised when you told me that that poor fellow was the drop belonging to the famous necklace of Lady Lipperley. It is a thing I have wanted all my life to see, but I have never been able to travel. I did not know you were so good a collector."

"No? then you could not have gone so far," laughed the stranger. "It has been in the possession of our family for generations."

"Of what family?" asked Andrews, anxiously.

"The Von Rascaillis of Poeth," said the stranger.

"But how the deuce did it travel there?" said Andrews.

"The itinerary is easy to trace," said the stranger. "A Rascailli was Ambassador at the Court of Anne—don't you remember when most of the Beauties of the Monarch had gone to the shades below, their fortunes were in some instance of more value than their good looks. I, Lady Lipperley's exchequer emone, of those who had run dry. She sold the famous necklace to my ancestor, Maximilian Rascailli, and he preserved the precious heirloom until that day to this. I have original deeds of transfer written in the old hand period. Querer odd that Little he said, laughing again. "I question if Cervo would have found it."

"Have you the necklace here in London?" asked Andrews.

"Surely!" answered Von Rascailli, never later without it. Besides, to tell the truth, I thought of offering it to my Jew. It seems a pity that a bachelor jewel should be given to a bachelor Jew!"

"I ought to admire a bachelor!" said he.

"Could I see it before you offer it?" asked Andrews, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Well—yes—under restrictions," answered the Jew, looking at the collector.

[illegible]

WHISTLING.

If the mere act of whistling can be cheer a man so much, why should it be denied to a woman? If whistling will away the blues and be company for some person, surely women have much need of its services, than their brothers.

Foodow	Aug. 11	Gildberg
Francisca	Aug. 30	Back
Helm	Sept. 9	A. Thomsen
Hans	Sept. 7	Thomsen
K. Nilsson	June 18	Petersen
Lucky	Aug. 31	Skjerve
Niedling	Sept. 1	Mahlmann
Peter	Sept. 3	Moller
Peter	Sept. 2	Holt
Rachel	Sept. 3	Afleck
Vivid	Sept. 3	Petersen

Slam. bk	330	Unhess
Ger. bk	368	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Ger. bk	353	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Ger. bk	254	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Sw. bk	221	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Slam. bk	424	Dauver & Co.
Ger. bk	330	Pasquaj & Co.
Ger. sch	311	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Ger. bk	240	H. A. Petersen & Co.
Brit. bk	282	Boyd & Co.
Brit. bk	238	H. A. Petersen & Co.

NAME	FLAG
Abrook	Russian gunb
Adonis	French gunb
Alert	American cor
Africa	Russian corv
Ashuelot	American cor
D. of Edinburgh	Russian bouc
Elizabeth	German corv
Emrak	Russian tran

	GUNS.	H.P.	CAPTAIN.
1st	7	300	Captain Schanz
2d	5	250	Commander Gaillard
3d	4	150	Commander L. Kempf
4th	8	—	Captain Alexief
5th	6	250	Commander H.E. Mull
6th	18	600	Captain Giers
7th	15	400	Hollmann
8th	—	80	Captain Koltozau
9th	7	80	Commander Stark

	WHERE AT.
	Chefoo
	Salgon
	Kobe
en	Vladivostok
	Yokohama
	Vladivostok
	Chefoo
	Japan
	Vladivostok

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